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SHREWS.

Socrates used to say to his friends, that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own door, that all the crosses that he met with elsewhere, were light to him.

Pittacus, who was as blessed in this respect as Socrates, but was famous chiefly for his valour, wisdom, and justice, invited, upon one occasion, a party of friends to his house, who had never had the pleasure of feasting at his table before. It was intended to be a sort of bachelor's party; but in the midst of the dinner, his wife, angry probably at her exclusion, rushed into the room, and in a great fury, kicked over the table, and tumbled every thing upon it on the floor. The guests did not know how to look, or what to say, on the occasion; but Pittacus relieved them from their confusion, by observing, "There is not one of us all but hath his cross, and one thing or other wherewith to exercise his patience; and for my own part, this is the only thing that checketh my felicity, for were it not for this shrew, my wife, I were the happiest man in the world."

"But before these," says the author of reflection on modern marriages, "commend me to that glorious instance of resolution in an English wife. This lady (who had been a widow), when her new husband, blessed before with peace and plenty, with all the affluence heaven could give, told her, he married her to teach him patience, and carry him that way to heaven, well knowing that she was greater than Zantippe as a scold. She resolutely answered him, 'I will let you know, that whatever I have been, I scorn to be any man's pack horse.' She accordingly became the most peaceable, calm, and tractable of all English wives, for her whole life afterwards.

ON THE CHOOSING OF A WIFE.

FROM THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"The next and greatest care ought to bee in the choice of a wife, and the onely danger therein is beauty, by which all men, in all ages, wise and foolish have been betrayed. And though I know it is vain to use reasons or arguments, to dissuade thee from being captivated therewith, there being few or none that ever resisted that witcherie; yet I cannot omit to warne thee as of other things, which may bee thy ruine and destruction. For the present time, it is true, that every man prefers his fantasie in that appetite before all worldly desires, leaving the care of honour, credit, and safety in respect thereof; but remember that though these affections doe not last, yet the bond of marriage endureth to the end of thy life.

"Remember, secondly, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyselfe for all thy life to that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one yeere, and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dyeth when it is attained, and affection perisheth when it is satisfied. Remember when thou wert a sucking child, that then thou didst love thy nurse, and that thou wert fond of her; after awhile thou didst love thy dry nurse, and didst forget the other: after thou didst also despise her, so will it be with thee in thy liking in elder yeeres; and therefore, though thou canst not forbeare to love, yet forbeare to link, and after awhile thou shalt find an alteration in thyselfe, and see another farre more pleasing than the first, second, or third love; yet I wish thee, above all the rest, have care thou dost not marry an uncomely woman for any respect; for comeliness in children is riches, if nothing else be left them. And if thou have care of thy race of horses and other beasts, value the shape and comeliness of thy children before all alliances of riches; have care, therefore, of both together—for if thou have a faire wife and a poor one, if thine own estate bee not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want; for she is the companion of plenty and honour, for I never yet knew a poore woman, exceeding faire, that was not made dishonest by one or other in the end. This Bathsheba taught her son Solomon.—Favour is deceitful, beauty is vanity: she sayeth further, that a wise woman overseeth the waies of her household, and eateth not the bread of idlenesse. Have therefore evermore care, that thou be loved of thy wife, rather than thyself besotted on her, and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations: first, if thou perceive that she have care of thy estate, and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto thee in conversation

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An Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

TO CLEAN MARBLE

Mix up a quantity of very strong soap lees with quick lime, to the consistence of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain twenty-four or thirty hours; it is afterwards to be cleaned with soap and water, and it will appear as if new.

DICKY DAW,

OR DO AS OTHER PEOPLE DO.

A TRUE STORY.

One Dicky Daw, as stories go,
A grocer, lived in Peter's Row,
His wife in true domestic stile,
Poor Dicky Daw would oft revile,
For ever wanting something new,
She'd cry, now Dick, I wish that you
Would do as other people do.

There's mistress Brown, she keeps a car,
And drives about both near and far,
To Donnybrook, the Rock, and stay
Just now and then a night at Bray,
Then since we all want something new,
Dear Dicky Daw I wish that you,
Would do as other people do.

What now, says Dick, what want you next?
Nay Dick, my love, don't now be vex'd,
You know we live in dirt and filth,
A country house would save my health,
And here's a spot with charming view,
Dear darling Dick I know that you,
Will do as other people do.

The house was bought—a gardener hired,
And friends of coming never tired,
Dinners and suppers—port and punch,
And droppers in must have a lunch,
And when poor Daw impatient grew,
Dicky, my soul, she cried, sure you
Must do as other people do.

But now Dick's cash ran very brief,
And so he turned another leaf—
The gardener went—the car was sold,
And all the furniture were told.
"Oh, Dick," she screamed, "what shall we do?"
Indeed, says Dick, you know that you
Must do as other people do.

Poor Dicky Daw, from change of life,
Soon lost his angel of a wife,
And now retrieving his affairs,
Most christian like his loss he bears,
And when ye ask him, how do you do?
Dick cries, indeed to tell you true,
I do as other people do.

DUBLIN:

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